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# The Unknowns



supernatural superpowers death

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## Chapter 1 by Maeve Dogmeat

I'm not writing an autobiography or any of that crap. My mortal friends "encouraged" me into writing this book. By encouraging me, I mean pressured me into it. Melinda, if you're reading this, screw you.

There's a one part of me that secretly wants to write this book. To tell you all about my depressed life and stuff.

It all began when I was born. Yeah, I'm going that far back. Anyways, I wasn't born in a hospital. My stank of a mother decided to give birth to me in her nasty shower in our mobile home. I dunno what happened but, some Chernobyl stuff happened. My mother's veins turned visibly black, and her eyes glazed over. Just like that, she started shuddering and screaming. My dad had to cut the umbilical cord before I killed my mother. But it was too late. The cord had turned black just when my mother started puking black goo. She was dying, because of me.

After my dearest mother had passed away, my dad got so angry at me, a newborn. I couldn't control any of that shit that just went down. So, I grew up in a mobile home in the beloved state

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We had a dog. The dog, Hucky, was afraid of me. I loved that goddamned dog. He helped me learn how to control my ability. You see, I can kill through touch, only if I choose to. I guess that when I was a newborn, I hated my mother. Maybe I knew that she was a whore. Everytime I touched Hucky, he was fine. However, if I had touched a plant or anything else, they would die.

One boring day, my dad had deserted me. I was 12 at that time. I just had worked up the courage to leave that depressed as hell place. I unlocked the door and, for some reason unknown, snuck quietly out in the broad daylight. I tiptoed to the road. I turned my head, and there was a red truck heading my way. It screeched to a stop, and my angry dad hopped out. I was terrified as hell. I started crying and begging Dad to spare my fucking good-for-nothing life.

“What the fuck, Leila?!” my dad stomped over to me, grabbed my arm, and threw me to the ground. That was the first time he had ever touched me in my 12 years of life, and it had to be this. “You know that you can’t be out here!” he kicked my shin. That was it, scrawny Leila boiled with anger. It was like an out of body experience. I was watching from outside when I saw myself get up with a lighting speed. I ran up to my dad, knocking him down.

“Fuck you, Dad!” My body threw punches at his face. Then it held Dad’s throat, intending to choke him to death. I watched as my body choked my transforming father. His veins was turning black. His mouth pooled with black goo. He started seizing, and screaming for help to no one in particular. My body let out a sinister laugh and kept choking him. His eyes had turned white, with no soul in them. Suddenly, he stopped moving. He was dead.

I was pulled back into my body. Regret flooded through me, but it disappeared as quickly as it came. I was finally happy, the menace gone from my life. I got in the red truck, turned over the engine, and put on my seat belt. Safety comes first. I drove the truck, running over my dad’s corpse. I drove for hours, not knowing where to go. I didn’t know what the fuck I was doing, when my truck beeped for gas. It finally broke down. I stopped in the middle of the road, in the middle of a fucking desert. I hopped out of the truck and started running. I didn’t know why I was running, but I just ran. I ran, and ran, and ran until I saw a car heading my way.

I frantically waved it down. I hopped over, and the driver rolled down. A man in his forties, with a kind smile on his face. I told him what had happened, and he patted my knee, and drove off. My dad.

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"Yes, to my house where you could get cleaned up," he winked at me. We pulled over at a cul-de-sac. He got out, so I followed him. I showered, wore his wife's pajamas, and went to bed in their guest bedroom. In the middle of night, he snuck in my room. He pulled back the blankets, got on top of me, and laughed. I started screaming and crying when he groped me. I do not want to go into explicit details, so let's skip that part.

He fell to ground, with a thump, however I did not make him die. Blood were everywhere, and I peered down to a huge gaping hole in his head. His wife stood in the doorway, with a pistol. She stood frozen for a long time. "Are you okay?" she whispered. I nodded, she had killed her own husband for me. I must be pretty important or she really hated her husband and was looking for an excuse to murder him.

"Are you okay?" I whispered to her. She kicked her husband's body and laughed. She grabbed his feet and dragged him away. My eyes were on the bloody trail he left behind, until they disappeared in the hallway. Oddly enough, death of two people in less than 24 hours did not bother me. I pulled up the blanket to my neck and drifted to sleep. Silence surrounded me for the rest of the night.

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